Experimental By Nature

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Experimental By Nature

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Tachycafe trainer threesome with a lil aphrodisiac goodness

Notes

Holy moly guacamole what a terrible day to be alive

Here's another ATTEMPT at writing character/character with a little added on reader for some extra fun

It was kinda ass to do but I think it turned out very well, plus I kinda promised this a bit back to my server so ENJOY!!

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The hallways of Tracen Academy usually had some kind of noise or life to them.

Whether it was bountifully full of the great, distant sounds of racing on the training turf outside or the energetic, high-pitched chatter of students, but as you neared the disused wing of the West Building, the air grew stagnant, even heavy.

Your boots were quick on the floor, a sharp, purposeful sound that masked the growing knot of anxiety in your chest. Manhattan Cafe was never late. She was as reliable as the setting sun, a quiet shadow that always materialized at your side the moment the clock struck hour.

When the minutes had ticked into a half-hour of absence, you knew something was wrong. And when things went wrong in this school, they usually had the fingerprint of a certain mad scientist all over them.

You reached the door of the abandoned classroom—a room the faculty had long since given up on reclaiming. The scent of overpowering sweetness and something sharp, like fermented fruit and chemicals, seeped through the crack in the door.

You didn't just knock; you pushed the door open with the authority of a woman who had spent too many nights cleaning up after their metaphorical children.

"Tachyon, if you've—"

The words died in your throat. The sight before you was a chaotic tableau of genius and madness. The room was a graveyard of discarded papers, glowing vials of blue liquid, and a comically large structure made of sugar cubes sitting precariously on a stack of physics journals, its structural integrity certainly in question.

However, in the center of the mess stood the two of them.

Manhattan Cafe, usually a pillar of stoic, ethereal grace, had Agnes Tachyon hoisted up by the collar of her oversized lab coat. Tachyon’s crutch lay forgotten on the floor, and her thin, fragile frame standing up on her toes as Cafe’s superior strength held her nearly flush against a chalkboard covered in frantic, scrawled equations.

But it wasn't the physical confrontation that stopped your heart. It was

Cafe's state.

The tall Umamusume’s jet-black hair was disheveled, strands sticking to her forehead which was glistening with a thick sheen of sweat. Her chest heaved, her breath coming in ragged, shallow gasps that made the heavy fabric of her overcoat strain. Her pale yellow eyes were wide, pupils blown out into dark, shaking voids, and her face was flushed a deep, feverish crimson.

"Oh, hello there, guinea pig!" Tachyon chirped, her voice light and playful despite the fact that her feet were barely touching the ground. She looked down at you, her eyes twinkling with a terrifying, unkempt glee. Her long, messy hair fell over her face as she tilted her head. "You’ve arrived at a most stimulating juncture of our research!"

"Trainer..." Cafe rasped. Her voice, usually a whisper at most, was thick and strained. She didn't let go of Tachyon. Instead, her grip tightened, the knuckles of her black gloves looking about at their limit. "This... this idiot. She put something... in my coffee..."

"Science requires a certain level of deception, Cafe! You know this!" Tachyon protested, her voice taking on that petulant, childish lilt she used when she was being scolded. She reached out with a sleeve-covered hand, patting Cafe’s flushed cheek with a clinical sort of affection. "I merely adjusted the alkaloids to see if I could trigger a sympathetic response in your 'friend.' If we can't see her, perhaps we can make her feel through you, yes? The data is already staggering! Look at your heart rate! Your sweat glands are working at 140% efficiency!"

Cafe let out a low, guttural growl, her tail lashing behind her like a whip, knocking a beaker off a nearby desk. The glass shattered, but neither of them flinched.

"You... ruined a perfectly good cup of coffee," Cafe panted, her head bowing as a fresh wave of heat seemed to roll through her. She leaned her forehead against Tachyon’s shoulder, her frame dwarfing the thinner girl despite tachyon being a bit taller. "I feel... like my blood is... boiling. Trainer... I… haah..."

You stepped forward, the professional mask slipping. "Cafe, let her go. Now. Tachyon, what did you give her?"

Tachyon pouted, looking at you with those hollowed-out eyes. She looked even thinner than the last time you’d seen her, her skin almost translucent under the lights. "How cold! I’m simply pushing the

boundaries of Umamusume physiology! She isn't in any danger, I assure you. It’s a temporary metabolic accelerant with a... slight aphrodisiac side effect. Purely accidental, of course! Or perhaps a subconscious manifestation of my own desire for more 'interactive' results?"

She giggled, a frantic, bubbling sound that echoed in the quiet room. Tachyon’s gaze flickered to you, tracing your form with a predatory curiosity.

"Actually, since you're here, Trainer... the experiment is missing a control variable. Cafe is reacting to the phantom, but how would she react to a tangible presence?"

Cafe’s grip finally failed, and she slumped forward, her massive height forcing her to lean heavily on you as you rushed to catch her. She was burning hot through her clothes, her scent—usually so mellow—now sharp and intoxicatingly potent.

"Don't... let her... talk," Cafe whimpered into your shoulder, her long arms wrapping around you with a strength that was bordering on desperate. "Everything is... too bright. Too much..."

Tachyon leaned against the chalkboard, watching the two of you with a manic grin. She reached down to pick up her crutch, her movements shaky and uncoordinated from her own self-neglect.

"My, my," Tachyon whispered, her voice dropping into a low hum. "Look at how she clings to you. I wonder... if we measured the skin-to-skin conductivity right now, would the readings go off the charts? Come now, Trainer. For the sake of my research... don't pull away. Let's see what comes of this opportunity, together, yes?"

You staggered under the weight of Manhattan Cafe as she slumped against you. Even with her leaning a portion of her weight on a nearby desk, the sheer mass of an Umamusume was staggering. Her body was a furnace; you could feel the heat radiating through your uniform, a pulsing rhythm that matched her erratic, heavy thumping heart.

"Absolutely not, Tachyon you’re an absolute lunatic!" you snapped, your voice echoing off the sterile tile walls. You hooked an arm around Cafe’s waist, trying to keep her upright as her knees buckled. "You don't just 'adjust' someone's metabolism with an unknown stimulant! Look at her! She’s trembling!"

Cafe was indeed twitching. Her long, black ears were slanted back against her skull, flickering sporadically, and her tail was lashing with a violent, involuntary force that was near painful. She let out a soft, broken whimper, her gloved hands coming up to push feebly at your shoulders.

"Trainer... no..." she gasped, her eyes hazy and unfocused. A thin trail of saliva escaped the corner of her mouth, and her face was a mask of sheer, desperate arousal. "You... you have to leave. Please. It’s too much... I can’t... I can’t control myself right now..."

"I'm not leaving you like this, Cafe," you insisted, tightening your grip despite her attempts to shove you away. You looked over at the desk where Tachyon was casually leaning, her thin fingers playing with the chemical structure earring on her ear. "Tachyon! What is this doing to her? How do I stop it?"

Tachyon let out a sharp, melodic giggle, her eyes widening with scientific fervor. She looked like a specter of herself vibrating with a curious energy that made the hair on your arms stand up.

"Stop it? My dear guinea pig, why would we want to stop a masterpiece in progress?" Tachyon stepped forward, the sound of her single crutch punctuating her words. She circled the two of you like a vulture, her lab coat fluttering around her thin frame. "You see, the compound I’ve introduced—let’s call it 'Formula Ψ'—isn't just a physical stimulant. It heightens the sensory receptors to an extreme degree. Right now, Cafe’s skin feels like it’s being touched by a thousand needles. Every breath she takes, every scent you exude, your touch... it’s being amplified in her brain like a thunderbolt."

Tachyon leaned in close, her unkempt hair brushing against your shoulder as she whispered, her voice laced with a dark, playful carnality.

"Her body is searching for a ground, Trainer. An anchor. Her 'friend' is much too ethereal to provide the friction she needs. She’s experiencing a total systemic overload of the reproductive and nervous systems. If she stays alone, her heart rate might reach critical levels from the sheer psychological stress overload."

Cafe let out a choked sob, her head falling into the crook of your neck. You felt her hot, wet breath against your skin, and then, the terrifying sensation of her teeth grazing your collarbone—not a bite, but a desperate, searching nip.

"However," Tachyon continued, her tone becoming smooth and manipulative, "there is a solution. A 'human element' to balance the equation. If she has a tangible subject to focus all that... *excess energy* on, her vitals will stabilize. She needs a physical distraction. Something—or someone—to touch, to hold, to... occupy her senses until the peak passes."

Tachyon's grin turned sharp, her red eyes locked onto yours. "You wanted to help her, didn't you? You're her devoted trainer, after all. All you have to do is stay. Be her focus. Let her explore these... new sensations with you. It's for science, really. And for her safety of course."

"Trainer... she's lying… please just leave…" Cafe groaned, even as her large hands migrated from your shoulders to your waist, her grip tightening with a strength that made your body ache. She looked down at you, her only visible pupil a tiny, vibrating dot in a sea of hazy yellow. The hunger in her gaze was undeniable, a raw, primal need that was quickly drowning out her panic. "I don't want... to hurt you... but you smell... so good..."

You looked from the predatory, expectant gaze of Tachyon to the suffering, overheated giant in your arms. You could feel the choice hanging in the air, thick and suffocating. Cafe's tail wrapped firmly around your calf, pulling you closer to her.

"I'm staying," you said, your voice shaking only slightly. "Tell me what I need to do."

Tachyon clapped her hands together, a sound like a gunshot. "Excellent! Step one: remove that restrictive coat of hers. We need to facilitate heat exchange. And then... well, let's see what we can do from there."

Looking back at Cafe though, you weren't really sure WHERE to take it from there. Just being this close to her like this made the air charged with a heavy electricity that made the fine hairs on your neck stand on end. As you reached up to undo the knot of Cafe's yellow tie, your fingers felt clumsy, trembling against the heat of her throat.

The physical disparity was never more apparent than now. To unbutton her heavy black overcoat, you had to press yourself deep into her space, your head barely reaching the swell of her chest. Every time your knuckles brushed the fabric or the damp, heated skin beneath her collar, Cafe let out a jagged, hitching breath that felt…

weird.

"Patience, guinea pig," Tachyon's voice drifted over Cafe's shoulder, smooth and oily with a scientist's with her usual amusement. She didn't help with the buttons; instead, she leaned against a nearby desk, a tablet in one hand and a stylus in the other, tapping a rhythmic beat against her chin. "Observe the dermal flushing. The vasodilation is nearly at its peak. If you don't hurry with that restrictive layering, her core temperature might just melt your heart—metaphorically, of course."

You finally managed to slide the heavy coat off her shoulders. It hit the floor with a dull thud, followed by the black long sleeve she wore underneath. Leaving Cafe in nothing but her white collared shirt which was already translucent with sweat, clinging to the powerful, lean muscles of her body. Her arms no longer just idle; they were hesitantly reaching around your waist, pullng you flush against her stomach.

"I... I can't..." Cafe groaned, her voice a low, vibrating cello note of pure agony. Her eyes were fixed on your lips, her pupils pulsing. "The touch... it's like... electricity. Trainer, please... I'm going to... do something… if you don't..."

"You're doing fine, Cafe," you whispered, though your own heart was hammer-drilling against your ribs. You reached for the top button of her shirt, trying to be quick, trying to be the trainer she needed. But the way she looked down at you—with a hunger that threatened to swallow you whole—made the intimacy of the act impossible to ignore. You were undressing your racer in a room filled with the smell of her arousal.

Suddenly, a pair of thin, sleeve-covered arms snaked around Cafe's waist from behind. Tachyon had moved with the silent, predatory speed of a ghost. She pressed herself against Cafe's back, her chin resting on the other girl's shoulder.

"You're being too tentative, Trainer," Tachyon chirped. With a sudden, forceful shove, Tachyon leaned all her weight forward.

You gasped as you were slammed into Cafe's front even harder. The air left your lungs as you were both sandwiching cafe between you. Cafe let out a strangled cry, her arms instinctively snapping around you to keep from toppling. She pulled you in tight, clutching you against her like a drowning survivor clinging to a life raft. You felt the

hard, hot lines of her thighs against yours, and the incredible, crushing strength of her embrace.

"There! Systemic contact established," Tachyon whispered, her voice a devious purr right into Cafe's ear. She didn't let go, keeping the three of you locked together. Tachyon's eyes locked onto yours over Cafe's shoulder, a self satisfied, knowing glint in them. "Now, Cafe... do yourself a favor and tell the Trainer what you're thinking. Tell her how much you want to sink your teeth into that soft neck of hers. Tell her how it feels."

Cafe's grip tightened until it was almost painful, her face burying into the crook of your neck. She was shaking—violent, full-body tremors that made her shoes squeak against the tile.

"I want..." Cafe's voice was a wet, desperate rasp against your skin. "I don't want to... do anything... I just… want it to stop... thats… mmgh... Tachyon... stop... I'm going to... lose it..."

"Oh, I think you already have," Tachyon teased, her hand sliding down to Cafe's hip, feeling the frantic friction of her skin. "Don't you agree, Trainer? She's so focused on you now, she's practically about to explode. Science truly is beautiful, isn't it?"

You would respond if the friction between the three of you wasn't generating a heat that felt physical, a thick, cloying steam that made the very air in the lab feel heavy with the scent of rising lust. Tachyon was a devil on Cafe's shoulder, body pressed against Cafe's back, her hands roaming restlessly over Cafe's ribs and hips.

"L-look! I just want to help her is all." You responded quickly, trying not to stare at either of them.

"Do you hear that, Cafe?" Tachyon's voice was a jagged, playful needle in the silence. "The Trainer is practically offering herself to you. A sacrifice on the altar of your primitive, racing heart. Just look at her... so soft, so fragile, so perfectly shaped for your hands to hold."

You looked up, your vision swimming. Cafe's face was inches from yours, a mask of beautiful, terrifying desperation. The color of her eyes was almost entirely eclipsed by her pupil, leaving only a thin ring of gold that shook with every ragged breath. Her ears were pinned so far back they were lost in her hair, and her tail was a coiled spring around your thigh, a possessive, twitching bind.

"Trainer..." Cafe whimpered, a strand of hair clinging to her damp lip.

"I... want… you, please... I want... I want to take... everything."

You reached up, your palms framing her burning cheeks. You forced a smile, one of genuine, reckless devotion. "It’s okay, Cafe," you whispered, your thumb tracing the line of her trembling jaw. "I’m your trainer. I’m here to take the weight. Whatever you need to feel better... it’s okay. I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere."

The words acted like a terminal short-circuit. Cafe’s restraint didn't just break; it evaporated. She let out a sound that was half-sob, half-growl, and her large, gloved hands suddenly hooked under your armpits.

With the terrifying strength of a, she hoisted you upward until your feet dangled inches off the floor, bringing you level with her face.

She stared at you, her chest heaving against yours, her breath smelling of bitter espresso and sweet, intoxicating arousal.

"Oh, how marvelous!" Tachyon crowed from behind, her hands sliding under the hem of Cafe's shirt to map the frantic twitching of her abdominal muscles. "The guinea pig finally offers herself up unconditionally! Go on, Cafe. Don't be a bore. Science is waiting!"

Tachyon leaned forward, her body acting as a lever. She gave Cafe a gentle, deliberate shove, pushing the Cafe’s face into yours.

The first contact was a shock—a dry, hesitant brush of lips that felt like a spark in a powder keg. Cafe froze for a microsecond, her eyes wide, and then she plummeted. The second kiss was a collision. Her mouth crashed into yours with a raw, unrefined hunger, her teeth grazing your lip as she claimed you. It wasn't the kiss of a friend; it was the kiss of a creature that had been starving in heat for the last hour.

"Mmm, look at that heart rate!" Tachyon whispered, her fingers digging into Cafe’s hips as she watched the exchange with an intrigued, wide-eyed fascination. She reached around, her sleeve-covered hand brushing against your cheek as she egged Cafe on. "Yes, Cafe! Consume her! Taste the adrenaline! Trainer, isn't she magnificent when she’s letting herself go all out? So much better to let that potential shine!"

Cafe let out a muffled moan into your mouth, her tongue sweeping past your teeth with a desperate, clumsy force. She was shaking so hard you could feel it in your own bones, her body a vibrating engine

of lust. Her hands moved from your arms to your hair, her fingers tangling in the strands with a grip that said you were never, ever being let go.

Tachyon's laughter was a low, melodic chime in the background, her hands never still, constantly groping at Cafe's body to keep her stimulated, to keep the experiment running at a fever pitch.

"That's it..." Tachyon hissed, her lips grazing Cafe's ear even as Cafe devoured your mouth. "Don't stop until you've tasted every single thought in her head. We're discovering something brand new, my dear girls... the edge of discovery!"

By now the air in the lab you were breathing had transitioned completely from merely heavy to suffocating, a thick soup of hormones and wafting chemicals. The kissing was a desperate, wet struggle; Cafe was practically inhaling you, her tongue a velvet weight that swept through your mouth with the same tireless endurance she used on the turf. You tried to keep up, your hands clutching at the damp fabric of her shirt, but the sheer scale of her—the way her massive jaw framed your face and her heat radiated like a furnace—made you feel like a doll being consumed by a beautiful, dark tide.

You were lightheaded, your uniform sticking to your skin. Between the friction of Cafe's thighs and the constant, roving touch of Tachyon's sleeves behind you, you were a complete mess, your own arousal leaving you slick and aching.

Then, with a sudden, sharp tug, the connection was severed.

Snap.

Strings of silver saliva stretched and broke between you and Cafe, glistening in the lab's light. Cafe let out a needy, protesting whine, her head lolling forward as she tried to reclaim your lips, but Tachyon was already moving. With a strength that belied her frame, the scientist slid between you, hooking her arms under yours and hoisting you back toward her.

"Now, now, Cafe! High-intensity stimulation requires a cool-down period to prevent total sensory burnout," Tachyon hummed, her chest pressing against your back as she tucked you into her lap like a prize. Her lab coat was cool against your heated skin, but her hands were busy, wandering possessively over your torso. "Look at you... you're practically gushing. If I let her keep going, you'll be too far gone to provide any useful data for the next phase."

Cafe stood trembling, her knuckles squeezed tight, her tail lashing with such ferocity it sounded like a whip cracking the air. "Give... give her back..." she rasped, her eyes burning with a possessive, golden fire.

"In a moment, my dear Cafe!" Tachyon chirped, her fingers finding the hem of your skirt and beginning a slow, torturous crawl upward. She leaned her head onto your shoulder, her unkempt hair tickling your ear as she whispered, "Go on. The third drawer on the left. The toy you're so fond of. If you want to ground all this energy, we need a more substantial conductor, don't you think?"

Cafe hesitated for only a second before the chemical command in her blood won out. She turned, her shoes stepping frantically as she moved toward the cabinet.

Tachyon pulled you tighter, her legs tangling with yours as she sat back on the edge of a high lab counter. She was so thin, you could feel every bone of her legs beneath you, yet she held you with a manic, giddy strength. "Watch her, guinea pig," Tachyon whispered, her voice a hot, lewd rasp against your ear. "Watch how she discards those clothes for you. See how that aphrodisiac makes her skin crawl?"

You watched, breathless and trembling in Tachyon's grasp, as Cafe began to peel away the rest of her attire. She moved with a desperate, jerky grace, discarding the pleated skirt, her undershirt, and the stockings until she stood tall and terrifyingly beautiful in the center of the room. Her body was all lean, powerful muscle—the physique of a toned, champion athlete, built for running.

When she pulled the heavy, dark strap-on from the drawer, your heart skipped a beat. It was formidable, a sleek piece of equipment that looked almost as impressive as the rest of Tachyon's lab equipment.

"Oh, look at that," Tachyon teased, her hand sliding between your thighs, her touch light and agonizingly focused. "She's so eager to fill the void. See how her hands shake? She wants to claim you so deeply that there will never be space between you again. Do you feel that, Trainer? The way your heart is racing just watching her prepare to copulate with you?"

Cafe buckled the harness over her hips, the black leather standing out sharply against her pale skin. She looked up at you, her face a mask of heated lust and sweat-soaked hunger, the heavy weight of the toy settled between her powerful legs.

"I'm... coming for you now..." Cafe whispered, the sound vibrating through the very floorboards as she began to stalk back toward you and Tachyon.

By now the atmosphere in the lab had reached a flashpoint, watching, even smelling the slick, synthetic smell of the lubricant Cafe was smeared over the toy.

Tachyon sat on the edge of the counter like a spindly throne, her thin legs hooked around yours to keep you splayed and vulnerable in her lap.

"Patience, Cafe... look at how her body reacts to the anticipation," Tachyon purred, her sleeve-covered hands working with a frantic, dexterous speed to rid you of your remaining clothes. She didn't just undress you; she worshipped your skin with a slow, lewd intensity, her fingers tracing the shivering lines of your ribs before moving up to knead your breasts. "See the tremor in her thighs? That's the looks of a guinea pig who knows she’s about to be thoroughly recalibrated."

You let out a muffled, broken moan into the crook of your elbow as Tachyon’s fingers slid downward, finding you already drenched, a slick testament to the tension in the room. She began to work you, her touch alternating between sharp, stimulating flicks and knuckle deep, quick thrusts that made your hips buck involuntarily.

"Oh, my! You’re practically overflowing," Tachyon teased, leaning her head onto your shoulder so she could watch your face. Her dark red eyes were wide, tracking every flicker of your eyelids. "Tell me, Cafe, can you smell her from there? She’s so ready for you that I’m worried she might just dissolve if we don't give it to her right now."

Cafe stood directly in front of you, a towering, sweat-slicked body of obsidian hair and needy twitches. She was breathing in deep, greedy lungfuls of air, her hands clenched at her sides as she watched Tachyon prepare you. The heavy harness was settled low on her powerful hips, the toy reflective under the lights—unmistakably sized for the superior stamina and build of an Umamusume.

"Please..." you whimpered, your head falling back against Tachyon’s chest as her fingers drove you toward a frantic, messy peak. "Cafe... please, I can't... I need it..."

Tachyon let out a sharp, delighted cackle. "A direct request! Well, who am I to deny the progress of science? Come, Cafe. Claim your prize. Let's see if our human friend can handle the full weight of the heat

you’re feeling right now, hm?"

Cafe didn't need to be told twice. She stepped forward, her body frame eclipsing the overhead light as she moved into the space between your knees. You were trapped—Tachyon’s hands holding your back and arms from behind, and Cafe’s looming, overheated presence filling your vision.

Cafe leaned down, her large hands gripping your thighs with a possessive, bruising force. Her face was a mask of sheer, agonized lust as she aligned the tip of the toy against you.

"I'm... I'm going to be careful," Cafe rasped, her eyes locking onto yours with a terrifyingly sharp focus. "But you're so... so small. Tell me if I... if it hurts..."

With a slow, agonizingly deliberate thrust, Cafe began to sink into you. Your breath hitched, then vanished entirely as the sheer girth of the toy began to stretch you, filling you with a thick, heavy weight that felt impossible to accommodate. You felt every inch, every ridge, as she breached your depth.

"That's it... look at that displacement!" Tachyon whispered into your ear, her own hand moving to massage your throat, feeling the silent screams vibrating there. "Slowly now, Cafe. We want the data to be perfect. Let her feel every millimeter of it."

Cafe let out a low, guttural growl as she finally bottomed out, her hips slamming flush against yours. The impact sent a shockwave of overstimulation through your nervous system. You were stretched to your absolute limit, pressed between the both of them.

"Trainer..." Cafe groaned, her forehead dropping to rest against yours, her sweat dripping onto your cheeks. "You're... you're so full of me... I can feel you shaking around it..."

The feeling of all of it combined was practically a sensory furnace, a high-octane pressure cooker. You were a broken circuit in the middle of it all, your nervous system firing wildly as you were squeezed between the two Umamusume.

Cafe began to move. It was a slow, punishingly deep rhythm—each thrust an intentional hefty slide that felt like it was rearranging your very anatomy. The girth of the toy was an uncompromising weight, stretching you until you felt like you were glowing from the inside out.

"Ah... there... the elasticity is truly remarkable," Tachyon's voice was a jagged, playful rasp against the shell of your ear. She wasn't just watching; she was a frantic architect of your overstimulation. She slid two fingers into your mouth, hooking your jaw to keep your face tilted back as she worked them against your tongue. "Taste yourself, guinea pig. Taste how much you're leaking for her. It's fascinating, isn't it? The way the human body tries so desperately to keep up with the biological demands of your brain."

You could only let out a series of high, muffled whimpers around Tachyon's fingers as Cafe's hips picked up speed. The tall racer was a vision of dark intensity. Her long, jet-black hair was a chaotic curtain around her face, and her eyes were fixed on you with a terrifying, soulful hunger.

"I... I can't stop..." Cafe groaned, her voice vibrating through the connection between you. She reached up, her hands cupping your face with a bruising tenderness. "You're so tight... so warm... I've wanted this since the first time… you… we… haah…"

She slammed home with a sudden, wet thwack, her hips meeting yours with the force of a sprinter coming off the blocks. The impact made your vision white out. Behind you, Tachyon let out a sharp, delighted cackle, her teeth grazing your shoulder as her hands migrated to your breasts, kneading the sensitive flesh like dough.

"Yes! Increase the frequency, Cafe!" Tachyon urged, her breath hot and frantic against your neck. She began to blow soft, cool air against the sweat-drenched skin of your collarbone, sending a fresh wave of goosebumps through your over-sensitized frame.

"Look at her eyes... she's crossing the threshold of pleasure! Don't let her come back down! Keep her right on the edge!"

Cafe let out a low, guttural roar—a sound that was pure, unfiltered instinct. She abandoned the slow rhythm for something far more desperate, her powerful legs driving the strap-on into you with a relentless pounding. Each strike was a beat of pleasure that threatened to shatter your resolve.

"I love you... Trainer... please..." Cafe sobbed out, her forehead pressing against yours. Her sweat was pouring off her, dripping onto your chest, a hot baptism of her fluids. "I want to... I want to mark you... with everything I have…"

Tachyon leaned over your shoulder, her eyes wide as she watched the

toy vanish and reappear in the slick, messy friction between you. She was practically huffing with secondhand adrenaline, her thin chest heaving against your back.

"The data... it's perfect..." Tachyon whispered, her fingers drifting down to flick at your clitoris in perfect sync with Cafe's brutal thrusts. "You're not just a trainer anymore, are you? You're the very center of her world. Now, Cafe! Show her what the pinnacle of speed feels like!"

As you reached the precipice, your world narrowed down to the sensation of being utterly filled.

Your orgasm arrived brutally. Your vision unable to stay right as your internal muscles clamped down with a desperate, crushing intensity on the massive toy. You let out a high, thin wail of pure sensory overload, your head snapping back against Tachyon's collarbone. But Cafe didn't stop. She couldn't.

Driven by the frantic metabolic accelerant in her blood and the raw, possessive love in her heart, Cafe surged forward even harder. She fucked you right through your peak, her powerful hips slamming against yours with a unstoppable thrusting that turned your moans into broken gasps.

"Oh, look at that! Total systemic collapse!" Tachyon's voice was a manic, delighted chime in your ear. She wasn't letting you rest for a second. Her hands continuing their own ministrations, one palm squeezing your breast until it bruised while her other hand reached down, her fingers working your sex with a relentless speed that forced a second, even more violent wave of pleasure to start building before the first had even subsided. "Don't stop, Cafe! Keep it going, yes?! Push her further!"

Cafe's eyes were blown wide, her pupils trembling. "Trainer... Trainer... I'm... I'm almost..." She was a completely unchained, her entire body a shuddering engine of lean muscle and lust. She gripped your waist so hard you felt the phantom imprint of her fingers on your skin, her thrusts becoming shorter, faster, and more desperate.

Sensing the climax of her experiment, Tachyon leaned fully over your shoulder. As Cafe leaned in, her mouth open and searching, Tachyon intercepted. The two Umamusume locked lips right over your face, their tongues tangling in a messy saliva exchange that sent hot droplets of their shared moisture onto your cheeks.

You were the filling in a sandwich of pure, unadulterated heat. The

friction of Cafe's toy, the feeling of Tachyon's hands, and the overwhelming weight of their combined presence finally snapped the last thread of your endurance.

"Now!" Tachyon hissed against Cafe's lips.

Cafe let out a final animalistic noise that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room. She slammed her hips home one last time, pinning you against Tachyon as she shuddered through a world-ending orgasm, the strap-on all the way deep inside you. At the same moment, you were thrown into a second, agonizingly deep climax, your body going completely limp as your nervous system finally gave up.

The silence that followed was heavy, broken only by the sound of the three of you gasping for air in a dark, messy room.

All three of you collapsed together—a tangled, sweaty heap of limbs on the lab floor. You were pinned beneath Cafe's massive, cooling body, while Tachyon remained draped over both of you like a cat. The toy remained buried inside you, a lingering, heavy reminder of what you just went through.

"Mmm..." Tachyon finally hummed, her voice tired but still laced with that signature scientific arrogance. She reached out, lazily tracing a line through the sweat on your shoulder before checking your face. "Subject A: total sensory saturation achieved. Subject B: metabolic peak successfully navigated."

"I'd say overall, a resounding success."

Cafe didn't speak. She simply tucked her head into the crook of your neck, her long black hair veiling the both of you from the world. Her tail, though exhausted, gave one final, weak curl around your ankle.

"T—trainer…"

End Notes

Jerking it rn

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